

DELL

DEC.-FEB.

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

KING of the Royal Mounted

The case
of the
**"FUGITIVE
IN
FUR"**

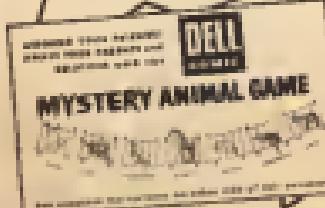


TELL MOM & DAD!

Any one year subscription costs
only \$1.20 and we'll include all
of the following FREE!

FREE!

A colorful Christmas
Gift Card,
personalized with
your name,
announcing your gift
to each youngster



The Dell Mystery
Animal Game.
This high quality
puzzle that you
buy once, it can be
used over and over
again for the
whole family.

Additional quantity just
costs \$1 per subscriber

Dell Comic Christmas Gift Subscriptions are the best!

The Official Dell
Comic Club
Membership
Certificate. This may
be mailed or handled

SAVE! Order any
one subscription Only **\$5.00!**

<input type="checkbox"/> 1st issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Last issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell comic	<input type="checkbox"/> Novel
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell puzzle	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell game
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell book	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell gift

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mark DELL Card Free _____ 128

<input type="checkbox"/> 1st issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Last issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell comic	<input type="checkbox"/> Novel
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell puzzle	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell game
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell book	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell gift

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mark DELL Card Free _____ 128

<input type="checkbox"/> 1st issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Last issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell comic	<input type="checkbox"/> Novel
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell puzzle	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell game
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell book	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell gift

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mark DELL Card Free _____ 128

<input type="checkbox"/> 1st issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Last issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell comic	<input type="checkbox"/> Novel
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell puzzle	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell game
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell book	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell gift

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mark DELL Card Free _____ 128

<input type="checkbox"/> 1st issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Last issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell comic	<input type="checkbox"/> Novel
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell puzzle	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell game
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell book	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell gift

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mark DELL Card Free _____ 128

<input type="checkbox"/> 1st issue	<input type="checkbox"/> Last issue
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell comic	<input type="checkbox"/> Novel
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell puzzle	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell game
<input type="checkbox"/> Dell book	<input type="checkbox"/> Dell gift

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send DELL Card Free _____ 128

DELL - DELL PUBLISHING CO., Inc.
1000 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021

Please send subscriptions on 128 issues with
FREE Gifts and Gift Certs.

I enclose \$_____. for _____. (No. of) subscriptions ordered.

My Name is _____ Age _____

Address _____

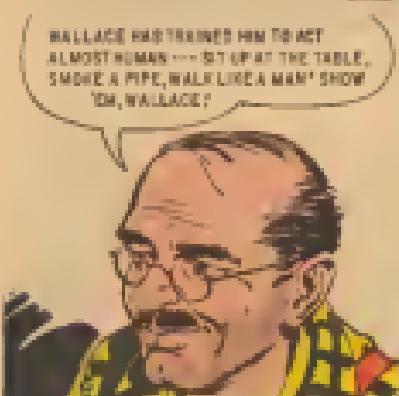
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FOR ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS USE PLAIN PAPER . . . GIVE SAME INFORMATION

KING

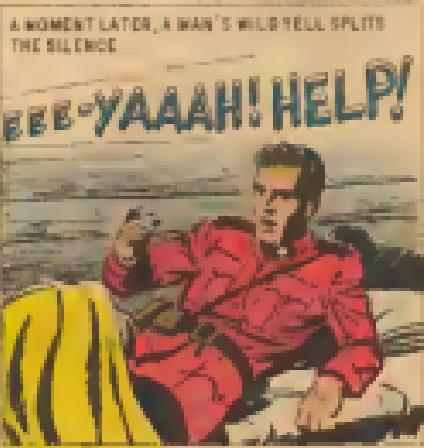
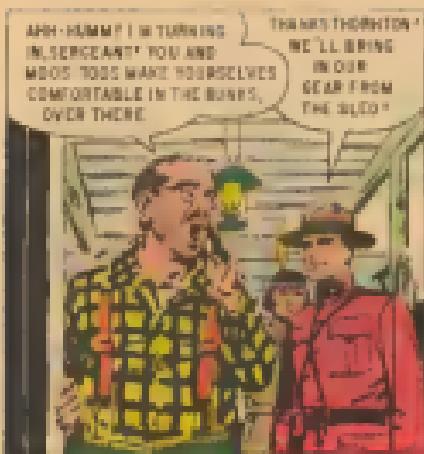
of the
Royal
Mounted

FUGITIVE
IN
FUR



POSTMASTER: Please send me the comic book issue #1-24 or 26 Month Anniversary, New York 11, N. Y.
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED: No. 25, Dec. 1948. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. 1010 Broadway Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Editors: W. Johnson, Jr., President; John Morris, Vice President; Albert P. Belanger, Vice President, Sales and Other Sales Personnel; General Office, New York 10, N.Y.; Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Canada, \$2.00 per year; Foreign, \$3.00 per year. Copyright 1948 by Dell Publishing Company, 10 West 42nd St., New York 11, N. Y. © 1948 by Dumont Magazine, Inc. World rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed and published by Western Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us three weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address including if possible your old address label.



SOMETHING HIT ME --- A TERRIBLE BLOW ON THE HEAD ---
THE SCALP IS CUT --- HELP ME LIFT HIM ONTO THE
BED, MOSS-TOSSED!

URGH



HE'S ALIVE, BUT VERY
BADLY HURT!

WE'LL BEAR
IT UNTIL



TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT
THIS, BALANCE! WHERE WERE
YOU WHEN YOU HEARD
THORNTON YELL?

IN THE HALLWAY ---
WITH BABIE AT MY
SIDE IT PETRIFIED
ME FOR A MINUTE!
WHEN WE GOT TO THORNTON
IT WAS ALL OVER!



YOU MEAN YOU SAW NO BODY? DON'T BRING
THE LIGHT! HERE'S ANOTHER DOOR --- !



A STOREHOUSE! THERE'S NOBODY HOME
AND NO WAY OUT EXCEPT THROUGH THE
MUD ROOM!



KIND OF LOOK! MATTRESS CUT ---
MONEY COME OUT!

WHAT?



THIS WAS CUT WITH A SHARP KNIFE! THEN
WHOMEVER DID IT REACHES IN TO STEAL THORNTON'S
MONEY CACHE --- AND THORNTON
AWOKE --- TELLING ONE TELL, AND
THEN HE WAS STRUCK DOWN!



WALLACE, I'LL HAVE TO ARREST YOU
ON SUSPICION OF ASSAULT ---

I DON'T GO IT ---
BOB DID IT!



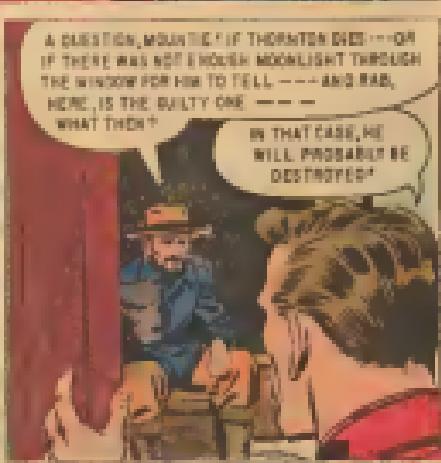
I SHALL HAVE TO HOLD YOU AND THE BEAR UNTIL
THORNTON IS ABLE TO TELL WHO STRUCK HIM!
STAY IN HERE! I WILL BRING YOU FOOD
AND BLANKETS!"

"AS YOU SAY, MOUNTIE!
--- COME, BABY!"



A QUESTION, MOUNTIE: IF THORNTON DIES --- OR
IF THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH MOONLIGHT THROUGH
THE WINDOW FOR HIM TO TELL --- AND BAB,
HERE, IS THE BULLY ONE ---
WHAT THEN?

IN THAT CASE, HE
WILL PROBABLY BE
DESTROYED!"



"WOODS-ROSE! BRING BLANKETS --- AND A
LOG TO PROP THIS DOOR SHUT! I'LL
ATTEND TO THORNTON!"

NEXT MORNING AT DAWN ---

"HOT TEA, KING! THORNTON
NOT WAKE UP YET?"

"I HOPE THIN HIS
SKULL BE FRACTURED
BUT HIS BREATHING AND
HEARTBEAT ARE BETTER."



MOSS-TODD, THERE ARE SOME BIGAH FAMILIES NEAR THE POST. FIND A WOMAN TO nurse THORNTON TILL WE CAN TAKE HIM OUT TO A HOSPITAL! I'LL COOK BREAKFAST...

UGH! GOOD!

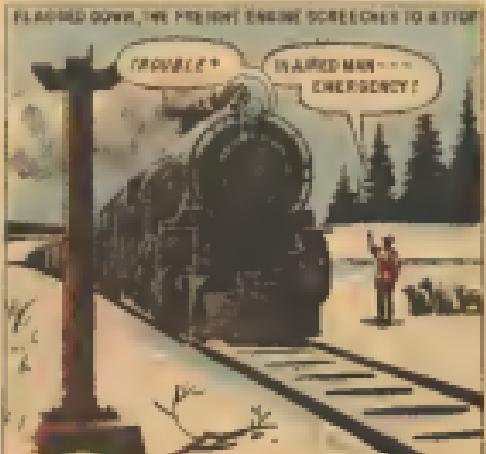
LATER—
WE'LL TAKE THIS IN TO WALLACE, THEN WE'LL EAT.
MOSS-TODD! HOW ABOUT THE NURSE?

UHH! SHE EAT-'EM BREAKFAST ALREADY--BEFORE SHE DONE!





THREE DAYS LATER, THE SHOW IS STILL FAILING, BUT THE TWO HAVE DROWNED DOWN TOWNS BAY AND TROLL FOR HIS COSTUME HEADING UP THE RAILROAD WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS THORSTON.



TAKE YOUR TIME GOING BACK
TO THE TRADING POST, MODS—
TOOK I'LL JOIN YOU LATER!"

"UGH! WE STILL
GOT TO FIND
WALLACE AND
BEAN!"

"YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY PASSENGERS
THIS FREIGHT TRAIN HAS PICKED UP
THIS WEEK, SERGEANT!"

"SO? WHO WERE
THE OTHERS?"



THEY WERE HORSES—NO TELLING WHERE
THEY GOT ON. MAYBE WHEN THE TRAIN SLOWED
DOWN, CLIMBING THE GRADE A FEW MILES
BACK, BAD WEATHER THREE
DAYS AGO.

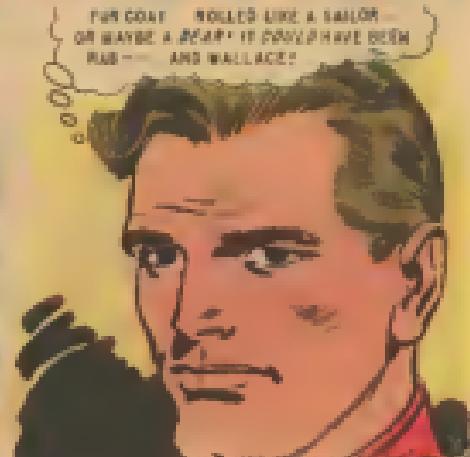
THREE DAYS
AGO ON THE
BURNABY

"HORSES!" THEY FORGED A FREIGHT CAR DOOR,
HOT OFF AT THE YARD IN PRINCE RUPERT,
AFTER DARK. I SAW 'EM JUMP ONE WAS MEDIUM
SIZE AND ONE WAS HEAVY, WEARING SOME
KIND OF FUR COAT SO I TELL MYSELF
TO CATCH 'EM!



LISTEN! DID YOU NOTICE
ANYTHING DIFERENT ABOUT THIS
PAINTER... THE ONE WITH
THE FUR COAT?

YE AH... COME TO
THINK OF IT! HE
WAS SORT OF ROLLED
UP LIKE A SAILOR AS I
SAID. IT WAS DARK, AND I
COULDN'T SEE VERY WELL.



THE NEXT DAY---AFTER TAKING THORNTON TO THE HOSPITAL---

DOCTOR COOLO THORNTON'S
INJURY HAVE BEEN CAUSED
BY A BEAR'S PAW?

POSSIBLY, SERGEANT---OR BY
A BAG OF IRON WASHERS ---
ANYTHING BROAD OR BLUNT.
THE SKULL IS BROKEN AND
THERE'S A BAD CONCUSSION!

THE NEXT THING IS TO GUESS WHERE
WALLACE AND HIS BEAR WENT THEN
COULDN'T HANG AROUND PRINCE RUPERT.



PASSING THE WATERFRONT, JON IS STRUCK BY A Sudden IDEA

---ROLLS LIKE A
SAVAGE! AND HE
EVEN SMOKES A
PIPE!



HELLO! ARE YOU THE
CAPTAIN OF THIS
SCHOONER?

RIGHT, SERGEANT---
CAPTAIN AND OWNER
NAME IS BARROWS!
CAN I HELP YOU?

CAPTAIN BARROWS, I'M LOOKING FOR TWO MEN,
WHO MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE SHIPPED OUT ON A
COASTAL CRAFT! ONE WOULD BE THICK-SET,
WITH A STRANGE ROLLING GAIT---

--- AND
HANDBAGGED!



BANDAGES!" FURY SAID. "IT COULD
BE SO ON, CAPTAIN!"

WELL, THREE DAYS AGO I WAS
JUST CASTING OFF FOR A SHORT
TRIP, TAKING SUPPLIES TO SOME
TRAPPERS SOUTH OF HERE. WHEN THIS
FAR CAME ABOARD.

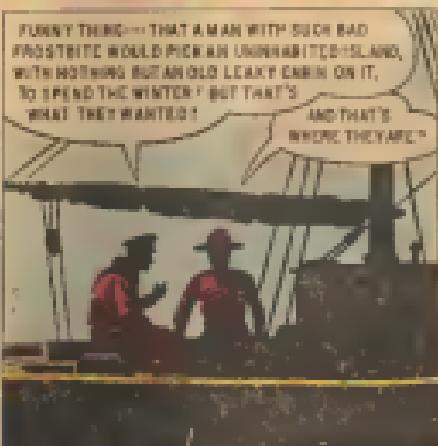


THE BIG FELLOW HAD HIS HANDS, FACE
AND FEET COVERED WITH BANDAGES, I
REMEMBER -- AND HIS OVERCOAT SLEEVES
WERE TOO TIGHT FOR HIM! OF COURSE, HIS
FEET BEING FROZEN MADE HIM WALK THAT
WAY!



FUNNY THING --- THAT A MAN WITH SUCH BAD
FROSTBITE WOULD PREFER UNINHABITED ISLAND,
WITH NOTHING BUT AN OLD LEAKY CABIN ON IT,
TO SPEND THE WINTER! BUT THAT'S
WHAT THEY WANTED!

AND THAT'S
WHERE THEY ARE!



CAPTAIN BARROW COULD
YOU TAKE ME THERE? I
BELIEVE THAT FAR IS
WANTED FOR ROBBERY
AND ASSAULT!

SO THAT WAS THE WAY.
YES, SERGEANT, I'LL BE
SHOWING OFF TOMORROW
MORNING -- AND IT
WON'T BE MUCH OUT OF
MY WAY!



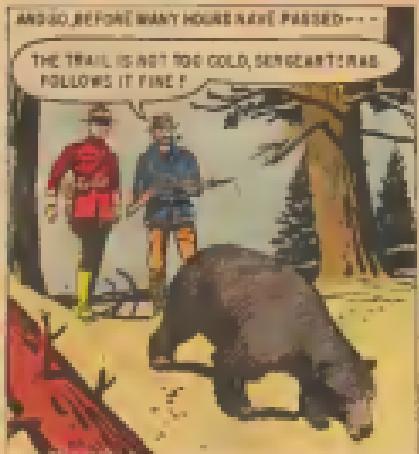
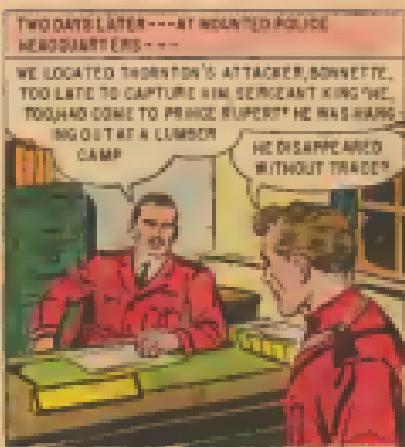
THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON ---

WE CAN'T USE SAILS
RUNNING AMONG THESE ISLANDS,
SERGEANT -- THE BOAT WHICH
HAS TWO AUXILIARY ENGINES ---
THERE'S THE COVE WHERE I
LEFT THEM!





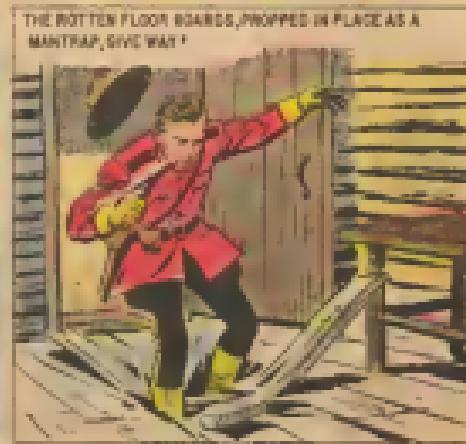


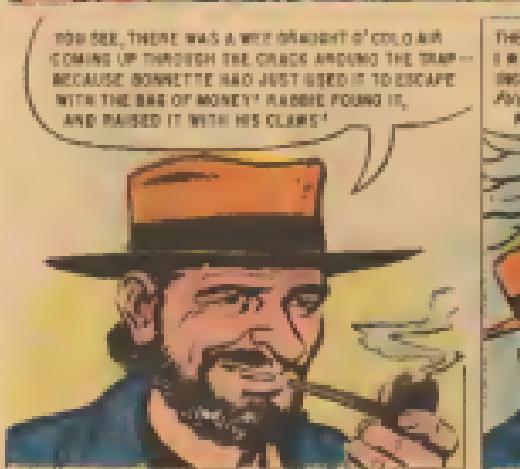


THE CHANCES ARE THAT WHOEVER IS IN THAT CABIN---AND IT'S PROBABLY BONNIE TTE---HAS NOT SEEN US YET? I'LL WALK STRAIGHT TO THE DOOR---AFTER YOU HAVE CIRCLED TO GUARD THE BACK!

AYE, RABBLE AND I WILL DO THAT!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER---SILENTLY, BUT IN PLAINVIEW FROM ANY DRAKE IN THE OLD LOGS, ERIC APPROACHES





Fangs of the Pack



The wolves had been trailing his sled all the short, arctic day—big Northern wolves with deep chests, bear-like heads and lean hindquarters! Hungry, savage brutes against whom Harry Thorne's sled dogs would have no chance at all if attacked! The dogs knew it—which probably explained why they blundered onto thin ice.

It was a large hole, worn into the river's foot-thick ice from beneath by a strong upward current. As the sled tilted down, Harry threw himself off and back, acting on instinct. Ice cracked under him as he rolled—but it held up. When he got to his feet there was nothing—nothing but black water where his team had disappeared. The heavily-loaded sled had pulled the dogs down with it! A fine team, loyal and well loved! Their loss numbed Harry's brain—but only for a few moments. Automatically, he began to think about his own survival.

He was three days' walk from the settlement, by river, without blanket, sleeping bag or food. He had his rifle. If luck was with him, he could shoot something for meat—perhaps something with a big enough hide to warm him in the fifty-below-zero cold at night!

The thought of those wolves no longer bothered him. They loved dog meat, but

they had not been known to attack men. He might even shoot one, and use its fur coat.

Through the short hour of good daylight remaining, Harry Thorne trudged along close to the bush. But as he rounded a bend of the frozen river, the running shape he glimpsed was not a wolf—but a caribou!

He knelt and fired. The white-mantled shape leaped as if stung—and went down. When Harry reached it the caribou was dead. Now he had his food—and a sleeping robe for good measure!

The wolves howled as he dressed his kill and lay down to sleep beside his dying fire, wrapped in the caribou hide. Fiery pain in his scalp waked him. Something had him by the shoulder, too, stabbing, shaking him! Harry yelled. Then his fingers found the trigger of his rifle.

Snarls and a yelp of surprise answered the report! Harry struggled out of the frozen caribou hide in time to fire twice at the great, dark beasts bounding away in the moonlight. And each shot scored!

"It was the raw caribou hide that turned ME into wolf bait!" he muttered, with a wry grin. "Next time I'll use WOLF skins—and be safe!"

MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

HENRY THE ELDER

IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR 1770, ALEXANDER HENRY THE ELDER AND HIS FUR TRADERS REACHED A VILLAGE OF CREE INDIANS ON THE SASKATCHEWAN, A HUNDRED MILES FROM LAKE WINNIPEG.



THE CHIEF, CHATIQUA, WAS A WILD SAVAGE WHO HAD OUTWITTED OTHER TRADERS' AND HIS VILLAGE COMMANDED ALL TRADES THROUGH THE PLAINS, OR LAND OR WATER. HE SEEMED FRIENDLY...

THE WHITE TRADERS ARE WELCOME! WE HAVE PREPARED MEAT FOR ALL!



BUT WHEN THE LEADERS WALKED INTO THE CAMP AND INDIANS HAD GATHERED AROUND A COUNCIL FIRE, CHATIQUA MADE A SPEECH WHICH SHOCKED HIS VISITORS.



HE WENT ON TO SAY THAT HE COULD TAKE ALL THEIR TRADE GOODS BY FORCE — WHICH WAS PERFECTLY TRUE — BUT THAT THERE WOULD BE NO NEED FOR A WARFARE, IF THE TRADERS WOULD GIVE HIM CERTAIN THINGS!

MY YOUNG WARRIORS ARE VERY HAPPY THAT YOU HAVE COME, WHITE MEN! THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THAT WE NEED --- AND YOU HAVE!



TO SAVE THEIR NECKS, THE TRADERS AGREED — AND LEFT WITH WHAT WAS LEFT OF THEIR TRADE GOODS — FOR CLOUTIERLAND HOUSE, AN IMPORTANT POST UP-STREAM.



THAT WINTER, HENRY THE ELDER AND HIS PARTY LEFT CUMBERLAND HOUSE TO VISIT THE TRADING POSTS FARTHER UP THE GREAT RIVER. THE FROZEN STREAM LAY UNDER DEEP SNOW.



ON EMPTY STOMACHS THEY TRUDGED AHEAD, WITH THE BITTER COLD SAPPING THEIR STRENGTH. WOLVES HOWLED IN THE DARKNESS.



ON THE THIRD DAY WITHOUT SOLID FOOD THEY FOUND THEMSELVES ENCLOSED BY THESE GIANT WOLVES -- OF THE GREAT NORTHERN BREED.

LOOK! YOU'VE FEEDING
IN ON US!



HENRY SHOT AT THEM A NUMBER OF TIMES -- AND MISSED! PERHAPS HE WAS OVER-EARTHENED; OR HUNGER SPOILED HIS AIM. WOLF MEAT, STRONG AND TOUGH, WOULD HAVE GIVEN THEM NEW LIFE.



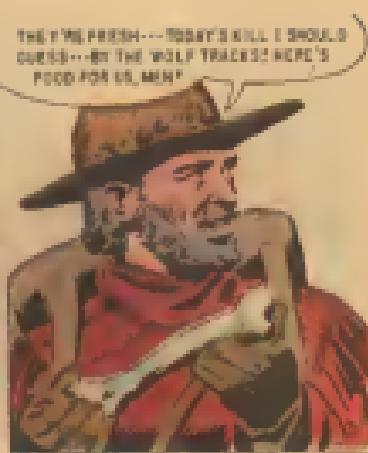
THE DEEP SNOW CLUTTERED THEIR SHOESHOES, HOLDING THEM BACK! THERE WAS NO GAME TO SHOOT, AND THEIR FOOD WAS GONE DAYS BEFORE THEY ARRIVED AT THE NEXT POST.



HEARTY---SOMETIMES AHEAD
---ON THE ICE!

BONES---ICED BONES? THEY
LOOK FRESH, TOO!

THE FIRE, FRESH --- TODAY'S KILL. I SHOULD
QUELL---BY THE WOLF TRACKS HERE'S
FOOD FOR US, MORN'



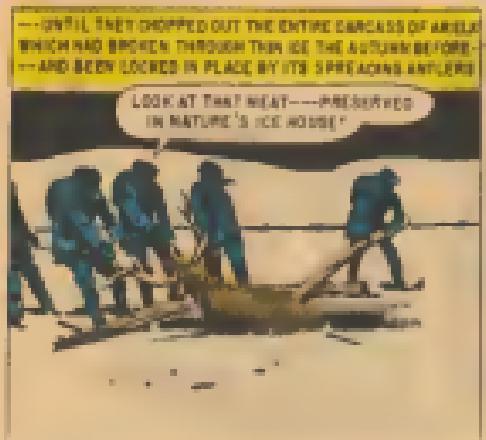
THE STARVING MEN BUILT A ROARING FIRE... THEY MELTED SNOW AND BROKE UP THE BONES FOR SOUP



AS INTO THE NIGHT THEY STOOD OR CROUCHED AROUND THE
BIG CAMPFIRE, DRINKING THE STRONG, BURNING BROTH

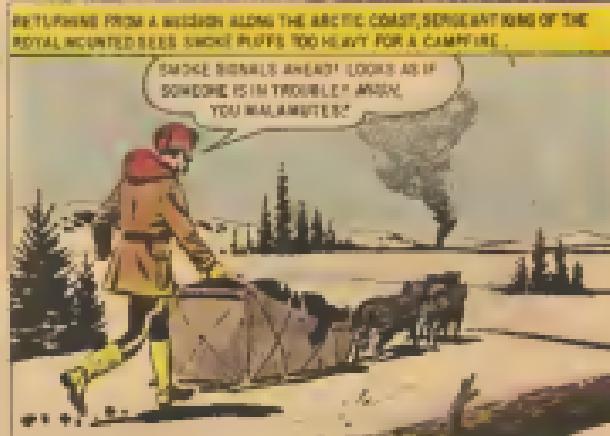
EVEN THE MARSHMALLOW WAS COOKED OUT OF THE BONES WITH
RELISH. THE MEAL WAS UTMALLY A LIFE-SAVER, AND
BARE NEW HOPE.

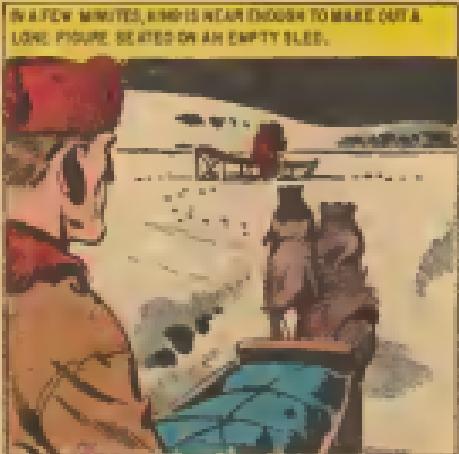




KING

of the
Royal
Mounted
FLOE ICE





WITHOUT TARRYING, JOE CAPRIO?

WALK HOME? WHO SPEARS MY NAME?
THE SUN IS BLACK!



JAVA YOU ARE SHOWING NO---
WITHOUT SHOW SORRYNESS AND
WHY SO BIG REPORT THAT BALLET
CREASE ON YOUR TEMPLE?

YOU KNOW ---
IF YOU ARE AN
INDIAN PROBABLY
A LAND SPIRIT! YOU
KNOW MY NAME, BUT
I DO NOT KNOW YOURS

I AM NOT AN INDIAN
WHICH I HAVE DOCTORED YOUR EYES
AND YOUR MIND, I WILL TAKE
YOU BACK TO CHARLIE WHITE
FOOT

ARE HE DEAD?



CHARLIE IS WELL --- EXCEPT FOR HIS
BROKEN LEG? YOU LEFT HIM TO STARVE
OR FREEZE --- AND STOLE HIS SHARE
OF THE FURS? WHERE ARE THEY NOW,
JOE CAPRIO?

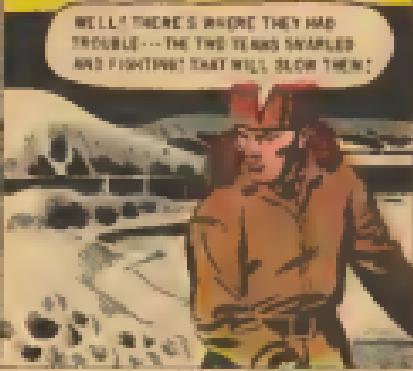
CHARLIE IS BOREAL
YOU MUST BE AN
APACHE --- A
WITCH DOCTOR? YOU
KNOW, THEM, WHAT
HAPPENED? BUT I WILL
TELL IT... .

I HAD LOST MY SNOW BOOGLES, AND THE
SUN'S BLAST WAS BURNING ME! YESTERDAY
TWO WHITE MEN CAME ALONG! THEY WERE
FRIENDLY TILL THEY SAW MY LOAD OF
FURS. THEN --- HAHA! I WAKE UP,
HERO HUNTING! FURS GONE --- GODS GONE!





AN HOUR LATER, KING REALIZED THAT HE IS CHASING ON THE THIEF WHO STOLE JOE'S TEAM AND FURS, TRAP TRAILER TELL!



ANOTHER HOUR---AND THE TWO OUTPICTS ARE IN SIGHT OF EACH OTHER---KING'S STEADILY SAVING ALONG THE FLDE ICE OF AN OCEAN BAY!



DIED DILLY, THE DOUBLE TEAM'S LEADER SWUNG
TO THE RIGHT

REEE!



BUT SUDDENLY THE LEADER OF THE STOLEN TEAM, SPURRED
BY JEALOUSY, ATTACKS THE THIEF'S LEAD DOG.



YOU FOOL DOGS—
BREAK IT OFF!

BLAST 'EM! THEY'RE
COMING US DOWN!



WITH THEIR TEAM FINALLY STRAIGHTENED OUT AS HEADS THE DOGS
OUT OVER THE TREACHEROUS HEM, THIS ICE OF THE BAY,

THIS IS MIGHTY RIGHT WAS "HEAR THE
NEW ICE CRACK UNDER US?"



WHAT IF WE PUNCH
THROUGH? I CAN FEEL
IT READ

GET ON THE SLED
AND RIDE, THEN! IT'S
OUR BEST CHANCE TO
LOSE THAT MOUNTIE!



"JOE, THOSE TRUCKS ARE HEADING OUT
OVER HOWICE---AND I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW
THEM! I'M LEAVING YOU HERE---"

"WHAT IF
YOU DON'T
COME BACK?"



"I'M LEAVING WITH YOU MOST OF THE THINGS
GROUT SLEES. WHEN YOUR EXPEDITION RETURNS
YOU CAN STILL REACH ARALIAK ON FOOT!"

"BUT THAT IS
GOOD!"



"THE YOUNG ICE BEENS LIKE LEATHER PLATE DOES NOT
BREAK. AND NOW BEENS TO RAIN ON THE TRUCKS.
MOSH, YOU MAMANUTES! IF THE ICE
HELD FIRM IT WILL HOLD US!"

"THE MOUNTIE IS GETTING MIGHTY
CLOSE, JAKE! HADN'T WE BETTER
START SHOOTING?"

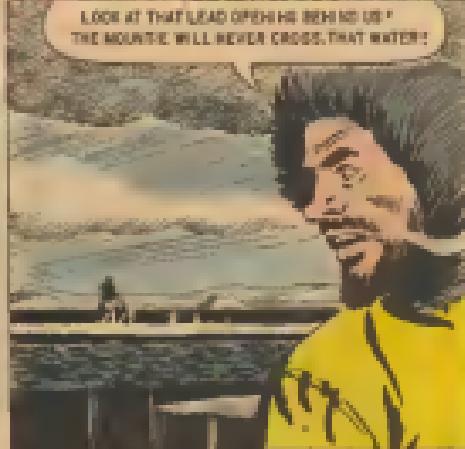
"NOT YET, JIMMY!
THERE'S A WIND
COMING UP---STRONG
ENOUGH TO BREAK THIS HER
ICE! THAT MAY FIXIN'!"



"ARCTIC WINDS RISE SWIFTLY" IN A FEW MINUTES, WAVES ARE
CHURNING THE EDGES OF THE THIN ICE.



"LOOK AT THAT LEAD OPENING BEHIND US!
THE MOUNTIE WILL NEVER CROSS THAT WATER!"



THERE'S HOPE THE ICE
IS BREAKING UP AND
ALLOWING US...

WE'LL BE GRAY — ONCE WE GET DATED
THAT PAN OF FISH ISN'T IT'S SOLID!



ONE HEART KEEPS IT NOT SO FORTUNATE IN HIS
ICE ATTEMPT.

UP ONCE IT, SICKOKUM THIS LITTLE "PAN"
MAY NOT HOLD UP FOR LONG --- BUT
THERE'S NO BETTER ONE IN PEACE!"



AS THE MOON RISES, THE WIND DROPS --- BUT EVEN THE DOGS KNOW IT WILL
BLow AGAIN!

"YOU'RE ADOBE, MOUNTIE! WHEN THE WIND
COMES STRONGER YOUR LITTLE CHUNK OF ICE
WILL TROW OVER WITH YOU!"

HAVE A GOOD
SWIM' HAIR,
KURE, HURE!"



MOUNT MOUNTIE IS PREPARED FOR THE WORST! HE TIES HIS WATER-PROOF
DOWN JACKET TO SLEEPING BAG AROUND HIM.

"YEE HAW!
FOR ME!"

I KNOW, SICKOKUM! WITH DAYLIGHT WE
MAY HAVE TO SWIM --- FOR THAT'S ALL THAT
IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE WIND!"



AND SLIPS HIS PISTOL INTO A LITTLE WATER-
PROOF SEA-LIKE BAG"



AT DAYBREAK THE WIND RISES, STRONGER THAN BEFORE,
WAVES ROLL THE FLUE ICE - THEIR ISLAND OF SAFETY

THAT'S ALL MY CAN DO, MOUNTIE
- UNTIL WE HAVE TO JUMP!

FARR-
OOOOH!



SHOOT 'EM - FOR FREEDOM!

THARINNAH! DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO LET
YOU LAND HERE, MOUNTIE? START SWIMMING FOR SHORE!



MAYBE WE SHOULD START NOW
--- SHOOTING HIS DOGS!!

NO - LET 'EM COME CLOSER
IT WILL BE EASIER THEN!

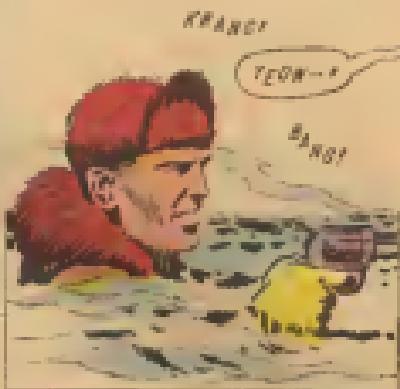


UNDER WATER, JAMES'S RIGHT HAND GRAPS HIS
HIDDEN PISTOL.





AT MAC'S RIFLE SPEAKS KING'S PISTOL BARBS
ONE! ---





KING IN HIS COOKE DOWN SLEEPING BAG, WHOSE WATERPROOF COVERING HAS KEPT IT DRY, KINS RECOVERS FROM HIS FREEZING SWIM.

"WATCH THEM, SHOKUM! ---
AND YOU TWO --- REMEMBER, I'VE
MY GUN, AND IT DOESN'T TAKE
MUCH TO MAKE ME!"

"WE'RE DRIFTING OUT TO
SEA! WE'LL ALL DROWN
OR STARVE, ANYWAY!"



"THE CURRENT AT TWILIGHT IS OFFSHORE! BUT WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE! A CHANCE OF WIND COULD SWIFT US BACK."



ALL DAY LONG THE ICE PAN MOVES SLOWLY BUT STEADILY SEAWARD FROM THE SHORE OF THE BAR.



WHEN NIGHT FALLS, KING WORKS THE ICE CRYSTALS OUT OF HIS CLOTHING, WHILE HIS PRISONERS "HIT THE SACK."

"YOU GOT US IN THIS SCARE,
MOUNTAIN! I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!"

"NOT TILL YOU'RE
SAFE IN JAIL,
SMITH!"

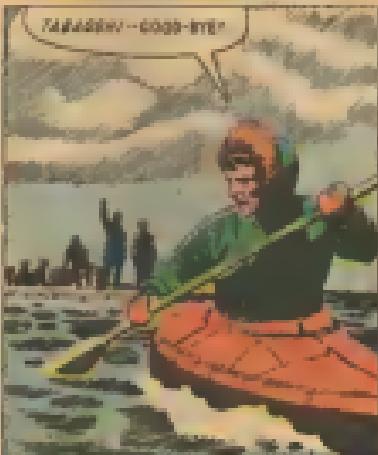
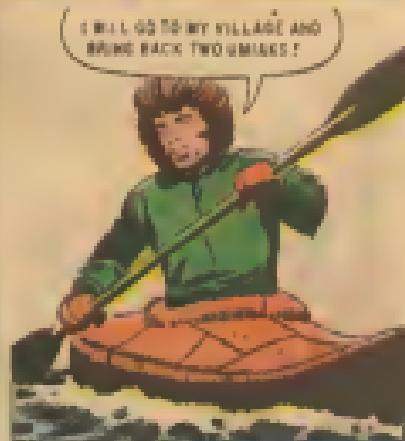
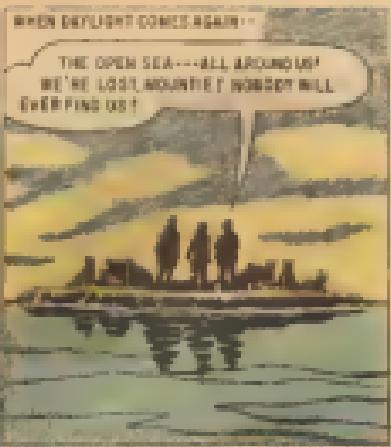


THROUGH THE NIGHT MOOSLUKING STAYS AWAKE, AND FEEDS HIS PRISONERS.

"BLUBBER! I ESCOND
BLUBBER! THAT ALL YOU'RE
GIVING US TO EAT!"

"THE BLUBBER ISN'T ALL
FOOD --- AND BLUBBER
WILL WARM YOU MORE
THAN ANY THING ---
THE BLUBBER FOR A STOLE
WITH JOE CARIBOU'S FUR!"





LONG BEFORE DARK, THE TWO WALRUS-HIDE BOATS AND THE ESKIMO HUNTER APPEAR !



In mortal combat—against
the earth itself

READ

"GOD OF THE BOG"

in the

DECEMBER
ISSUE OF . . .

TUROK

TUROK
THE Dinosaur Hunter



ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE DELL COMICS DEALER

ARCTIC WOLF



THE ARCTIC OR POLAR WOLF IS ONE OF THE LARGEST CANINES, FEYING ON EVERYTHING ITS POWERFUL JAW CAN BRING DOWN.



PUPS ARE BORN IN THE SPRING, WHEN SNOW STILL COVERS THE GROUND -- AND THEIR SUMMER PLAYTIME IS ONE LONG, LONG DAY.



WINTER HUNGER BRINGS THEM TO THE GRIM CHANCES OF THE HUNT? THE WOLF FAMILY WORKS AS A PAIR TO STALK BIG GAME!



IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT THEY CAN SURPRISE THE WARY MUSKOK BEFORE HE REACHES THE HERO'S DEFENSIVE CIRCLE?



SOMETIMES HUNGER DRIVES THE ARCTIC WOLF TO ATTACK ESKIMO TEAM DOGS, RISKING THE NEARNESS OF MAN AND HIS FIREARMS.



BUT THE HUNTER MUST BE QUICK TO KNOCK OVER ONE OF THESE FIERCE AND WARY BEASTS BEFORE HE VANISHES LIKE A WHITE GHOST!

Hurry...Hurry...Hurry.!!

THE PLASTIC TOY SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!



Announcing...

The MINSTREL BANJO

you'll play real songs in no time!

Manufactured by **Carnival Toy Mfg. Corp.**
New York 34 N. Y.



Wait till you see the handsome black and white Minstrel Banjo! Better still, wait till you hear the exciting music you'll play after just a few minutes practice. Songs like "Old Black Joe" and "Home Sweet Home" are right there in the easy-to-follow instruction booklet—and you'll be playing plenty more in no time! The Minstrel Banjo is an authentic model of the ones used in the old-time minstrel shows. It has an adjustable tuning key, and one note strings and it's made of tough plastic. So, go down to your favorite toyland right now 'cause the carnival show is about to begin, and you'll want to join in on your new Minstrel Banjo!



SPECIAL NOTE TO MOM & DAD: Monsanto doesn't make toys. But an engineer of proven quality plastic like theirs deserves to be feeding toy manufacturers. We are in a position to sell engineers to 100 toy firms large and medium-sized of plastic toys. 2) their toughness insures resistance to damage. 3) the bright clear stability in colors that won't fade off or fade long time. Plastic Toy Banjo' comes as a buying guide for boys you can depend on for wonderful gifts for your family. Take the kids to see them at your favorite local toy store. **Monsanto Chemical Company, Plastic Division**

